THE CHARLOTTETOWN HERALD WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 20, 1899.

## Nothing Equal to Low's.

Mrs. J. Snelling, Underwood, Ont. says that she has used Dr. Low's Plea. sant Worm Syrup in her family for the past eight years, and that she knows of nothing so good for children who suffer from worms.

## THE PLAINT OF THE LOST.

BY MADELEINE M. LOVE. Unfathomable dark and dull deepair ; Relentless fury, restless, deathless pain; And every fiery, hopeless throb in vain

Fierce, ever-gnawing, gaunt remorse reigns there, Which deepens 'neath the diabolic glare That daily, hourly, goads the whirling brain; And mem'ries rise

train. Illumined aye

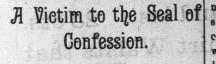
Yet, deeper than the sobbing, mournful wail. There sounds a vast, and ever-swelling

moan. That, sweeping upward, thro' the ranks is born To dash with mighty force-without

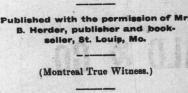
avail-Against the great, white, adamantine God is denied us :

mourn." -Ave Maria.

Hagyard's Yellow Oil is a useful remedy to have in any bouse. It is good for man or beast. Relieves pain reduces swelling, allays inflammation, cures cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, stiff joints, quinsy, sore throat, kidney complaint, etc Price 25c.



A True Story, by Rev. Joseph Spillman, S. J.



CHAPTER VI.--(Continued) good clergyman on hearing this re- "And as for reparation, what reparquest, for he knew how long the sac- ation can be made? I cannot recall

ristan had neglected his duties. He the dead to life !" cast a grave, searching look at the "Unfortunately that is

from that, and yet more heinous CHAPTER VII. primes. Did he not remember that the Redeemer when hanging upon the cross pardoned one of the thieves crucified with Him, although he had been a highwayman and had probably committed murder. After thus seeking to inspire him with confidence, he told the penitent be must now complete his confession ; loor. must accuse bimself of all other

moral sins whereof he had been guilty since his last valid confession. mentioning as far as he could remember, their nature and their num-

Loser answered impatiently that twenty years had elapsed since he last went to confession. How could be be expected to confess all the sins of those past years ? " God requires nothing that is impossible of us.' the clergyman replied. "He is satisfied if we accuse ourselves of all the sins we can remember after a strict examination of conscience; sult the Mayor, who held the same besider,' he added, "I will help you with the question " Loser rejoined that he had made this spendthrift as he called her. no attempt to look into his past life; he had only thought at out his crime.

committed that same day, and for this he was sincerely repentant. priests under some sort of restraint. However as no positive proof of her Would the priest tell him at once incompetancy to manage her own af whother he would give him absolufairs was forthcoming, the charitable tion or no; he had not a moment to old lady was left at large to go about lose; he ought in fact, to be slready with her basket on her arm visiting far away by that time.

her humble clients, spending daily in To his infinite sorrow the good the relief of their wants a sum which priest recognized from these words would seldom have been found to that his penitent was lacking in the dispositions requisite for the valid exceed what her brother and the worreception of the absolution he deshipful the Mayor expended every

evening at the "Golden Rose." sired. He began to exhort him, On the evening of the 20th Februand entreat him by all that he held most sacred, to think seriously of the ary those two village magnates were state of his soul, and to figish the seated with a few other habitues of the tavern, like-minded with themconfession he had commenced. He would help him, he said, to examine selves, each having a bottle before bis conscience, and would most as- him. Politics had been freely discussed and the increasing influence suredly give him absolution, as soon as he had obtained the necessary excercised by the Church denounced faculties, and the penitent had con- and deplored. Le clericalisme, voila fessed, not only this orime, but all l'ennemi! The power of the clergy other mortal sins with sincere con- is the most formidable antagonist we trition, and shown himself ready to we have to combat-such was the make all the reparation which lay watchword of the party. "And you will see said the Mayor, within his nower.

Loser rejoined angrily: "The striking the table forcibly with his day after to morrow I must be fist. "that these men will get their the other side of the water I I was a candidate through at the next elec-One can imagine the surprise of the fool to come to you !" he cried. tion. They are sly, they are increasing their authority, they gain the working classes, the populace, to their side by an appearance of benevol-

going to build for the Sisters is a trump card in their hands, and this Reverend Father Montmoulin is by no means as simple as one would take him to be." you must return the money to the "The government ought to pro- stumbled and fell, cutting him fear-Guild, it was collected to build a hibit the erection of this hospital, fully about the head and body. I hospital. And besides-" and above all take the duty of caring for the sick and relieving the desti- on him and in a few days he was as "What, I am expected to give up the money ? And what besides ?" tute out of the hands of the clergy well as ever. "It is quite possible that some and of the Sisters, their sworn adherinnocent person may be arrested and ents," said the town clerk. even sentenced to death for the mur-"It will all come in good time," der. In this case you must be prethe Mayor replied, " Everything canpared to deliver yourself up to not be done in a day. It would be a justice." grave political error on our part to "That is quite enough," exclaimed oppose the building of this infirmary, Loser, springing to his feet. 1 am just as the elections are to take to hand over the money, and finally place. give myself to the law ! I am not the "I wish we could get some right tered out of it with one leg, enough idiot you take me for. The wisest scandalous story against a priest in pension to paint the house, pay off the papers," old Carillion suggested. the mortgage and buy two bran new "Nobody pays any heed to the old mules for next year's plowin'."-At. tales now," the mayor rejoined. Be- lanta Constitution. sides our free-thinking journals are

AN EVENING AT THE GOLDEN ROSE. Didn't Mrs. Blanchard lived in the hour Mrs. Blanchard lived in the hour Dare clerk. She occupied a small suite of rooms on the upper story, with an or-Veat. phan girl, whom she had taken out of charity, for her servant. Her What dyspeptics need is not arti-ficial digestants but something that brother and his family had the ground will put their stomach right so it The relations between the will manufacture its own digestive wo households was not very intimate. ferments.

The town clerk did not belong to the Blood Bitters has been permanently party of the " clericals," and he lookcuring severe cases of dyspepsia and ed upon his sister who had ventured indigestion that other ren to speak to him concerning the non- powerless to reach. ies were

Mr. James G. Keirstead, Collina, performance of his duties at Easter, Kings Co., N.B., says : as a devotee and a pietist. But the

as a devotee and a pietist. But the sisterly admonition she had administ-ered did not rouse his ire as did her liberality to the poor and sick. He considered that by her lavish alms-giving she was defrauding him and his children of the inheritance which ought to be theirs after her death, and had even gone so far as to con-

and had even gone so far as to con

political opinions as himself, as to MISCELLANEOUS. whether it would be illegal to put NO PLACE LIKE THE FARM

whose weak, good nature was taken used to kind o'think I'd sort advantage of shamefully by the o' like to settle down An' mebbe quit this farmin' an enjoy a house in town, Au' clean furgit the atmosphere of worry an' of toil

> hat seems to settle 'roun' you when von're tillin' of the soil ve tried it an' I'm satisfied. I'm

goin' home ag'in. lompared to all them snow drifts

country inud is slick an' thin. when the fuel's gettin' low 'twill do my feelin's good o know the ax is handy fur to chop a load o' wood.

'm goin' home ag'in; out where there isn't any law To keep a man from sittin' down and waitin' for a thaw, used to think 'twas hard to spade the ground; but I dunco;

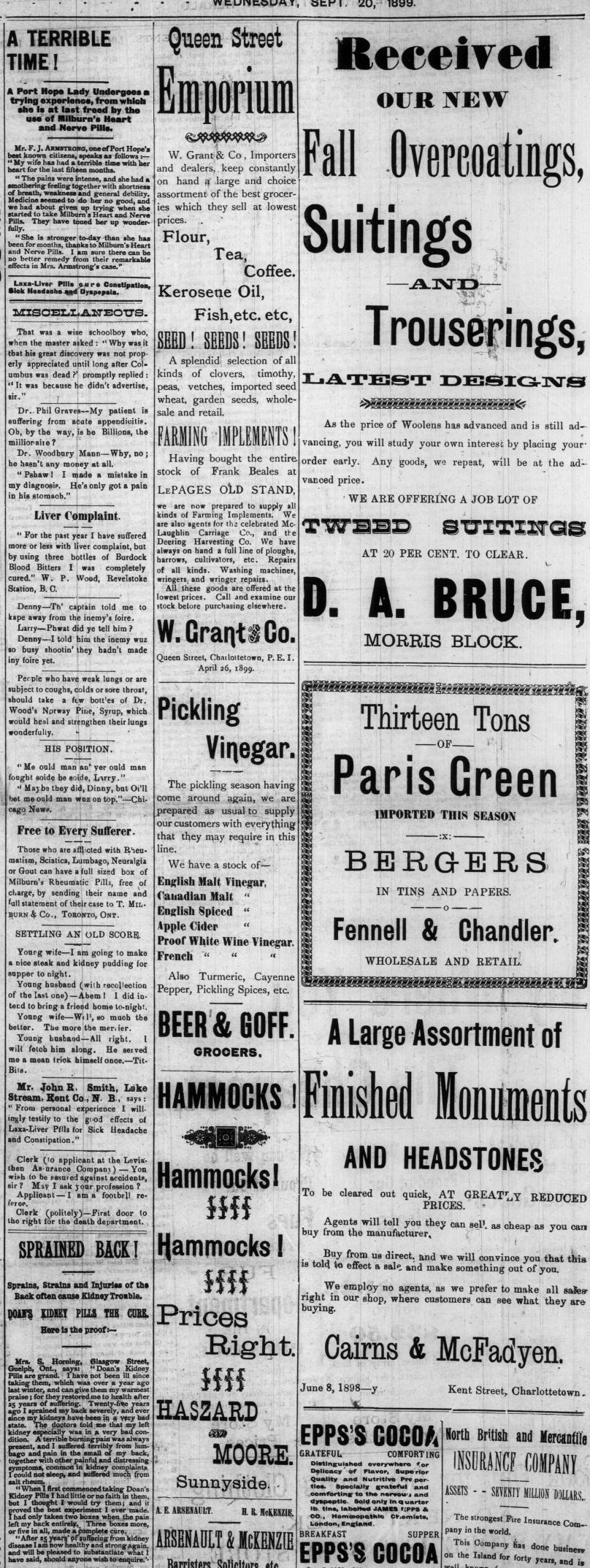
's easier diggin' garden than it is to shovel show. m goin' back to where the pantry's

allus full o' pie, n' the bacon from the rafter in a-hangin' not too high. Where all you've got to do is

your rations from the peg, the hens don't want a nickel every time they lay an egg. -Washington Star.

Minard,s Liniment Cures

Sherbrook.



man, who divining his thoughts an- presible," the priest reponded. swered. "I am perfectly sober. But if I understand you a ight, you Father. I tell you something has hap- killed poor Mrs. Blanchard in order pened-something very terrible-and to gain possession of the money she I remembered your sermon vesterday, bad with her. As a matter of course and have come to you to confession. But first tell me one thing ; supposing the Confessor could or would not give the penitent absolution, would the seal

of confession in this case still be bind. ing on the priest ?" "Undoubtedly," the priest ans-

wered. "Very well, now please hear my confession."

"Most willingly. Have you prepared yourself for it?"

"I have thought of nothing else the whole afternoon.

"Then kneel down on this hassock. I do not feel at all well this evening, but the joy of reconciling plan would be to silence your tongue to God a soul who has so long resist. for ever! Who knows what subtered grace, is the best medicine I could fuges there may be in your vaunted have. First let us implore the light seal of confession ? I wish I had the of the Holy Spirit, and the help of courage to do it, but I have not !" the Mother of God, the Refuge of So saying, the unhappy man rush-Sinners." ed to the door with an oath on his

"Had you not better hear me in lips, unlocked it, and disappeared in the bedroom ?" asked Loser, glanc- the deep shadows of the corridor. ing timidly towards the door. "I Entering the little kitchen, where do not want to be seen, and you will he had temporarily concerted the not tell anyone, will you, that I have besket, he struck a light. Thrust been to confession ?'

"I promise you that I will not. Under certain circumstances it stuffed the banknotes into his pocket. might even be a violation of the seal book, filled his pockets with the gold of confession were I to do so." and silver coins, and hastened away Thereupon Father Montmoulin down the other staircase by which carrying the lamp went into the he reached the kitchen on the ground inner room, followed by the man floor, and through it escaped into the whose strange conduct mystified garden. By a circuitous route he him more and more, and locked the avoided passing through the village, door after him. Raising his heart and having got into the road to Marto heaven, he fervently invoked the seilles, ran 23 fast 23 his feet could enlightenment and guidence of the carry him through the darkness un-Holy Spirit, for he foresaw that no til day dawned. Then he crept be-Holy Spirit, for he foresaw that no til day dawned. Then he crept easy task was before him. Putting on a stcle, he motioned to the man. night he found himself in Marwho stood trembling like an aspen leaf, to kneel down beside him. seilles, where he arrived just in time to go on board a vessel bound for "Courage, my child," he said, " even Montevideo. if your sins be red as crimson-"

"Red as crimson! who told you Are You 25 that ?" interrupted Loser with 'a shudder. "They are red, red as blood ! I must make a clean breast of it, or I shall have no res ! Yes I have shed innocent blood, and it cries to hearken for vengeance. This very day, in this very house, I murdered Mrs. Blar chard, there she lies down in the lumber-room. He blood lies on my scul, it burns me like fire. Now abolve mr. Father. I have told you alif"

It is impossible to describe the horror Father Montmoulin felt on hearing his confession, wrung from the murderer by an ulmost frat tic error. He waited for a me ment to recover himself, before mak ing a reply, and inwardly besought assistance from on high. Then he endeavored to southe the man's ex. citement; he said he was guilty ch an swful crime, but even the sin of murder could be forgiven, if it was confessed with sincere contrition of heart. The blood our Lord shed not read generally, and the clergy are Diphtheria. too wary to let themselves be entrapped. Now, if one could get a good,

strong-flavored story of somet hat happened in a place which is known where every one could point at the priests and say: 'They are easily, take Scott's Emulsion. It

one as bad !' that might be ing the bloodstain I baudkerchief some use. But they take good care and knife under the dresser, he what they do now; at any rate they let nothing get about to their discredit." "How would it be to write a novel-

ette for the purpose ?" said the town she got t clerk, slowly blowing a cloud of smoke into the air.

"On the principle: calumniare audacter, semper aliquid haeret ; ' If you throw enough mud, some is sure smoke made of sawdust and slippery to stick,' interposed the notary. The elm bark for a week. Freekles thus worst of it is, that if such weapons treated never fail to be thoroughly hind some bushes to rest, and before are used, the assailant usually comes cured. -Kansas City Star. off with less credit than the assailed."

"That is very true," remarked the Minard's Liniment Cures doctor, a stout, good-natured looking gentleman, taking a pinch out of his gold snuff-box. "I for one advo-Carget in Cows.

GONE. cate a more honorable way of warfare mewhere under the starlight. than is sometimes adopted by one

In an unmarked grave there lie And as for the laicisation of the remains of that rare old lady, nospitals and infirmaries, I am dead Who could make a good pumpkin against it. When I acted as army piel surgeon in Italy and again during the

last war, I saw behind the scenes. Provided the secular nurses had a LIAMOS and LOHC young, good looking officer to nur it was all very well : but let smallpox or cholera break out in th

Always relieved promptly by ambulance, and they soon took to Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild flight. Now, the Sisters are no more Strawberry. of a bullet on the battlefield

than of typhus in the military hospi-When you are seized with an attack of Gramps or doubled up with Colic, you want a remedy you are sure will give you relief and give it quickly, too. You don't want an untried something that MAY help you. You want Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which every one knows will positively cure Cramps and Colic quickly. Just a dose or two and you have ease.

a dose or two have case. But now a word of proof to back up these assertions, and w

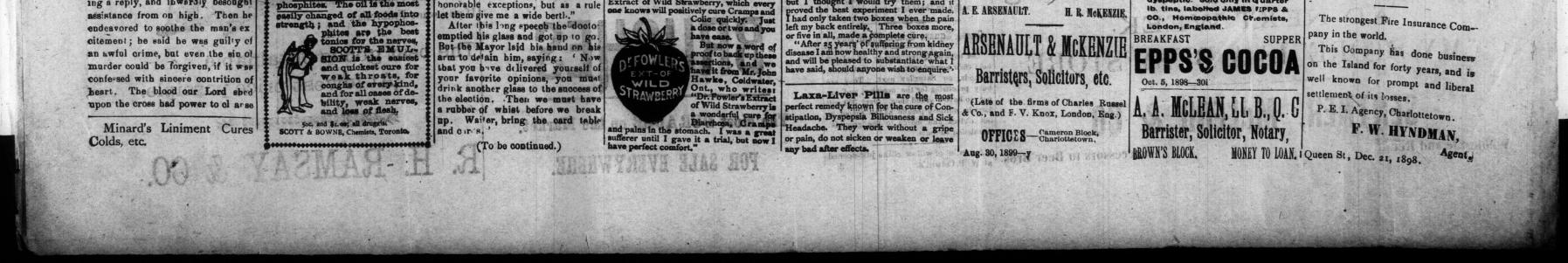
GENTLEMEN,-While driving down a very steep hill last August my horse used MINARD'S LINIMENT freely J. B. A. BEAUCHEMIN. THE BLESSING OF WAR. "This here last war," said the old man, " has been a great blessin' to our family. John's jest been mus Minard.s Liniment Cures Your Weak Spot. Perhaps it is your throat or your checks any tendency in your system to serious lung trouble. A Triplett girl sent a dollar to a mart New York man for a "sure cure for freckles." This is what "Remove the freckles carefully with a pocketknife; soak them over night in ealt water, then hang up in

the smokehouse in a good, strong

To be cleared out quick, AT GREATLY REDUCED

right in our shop, where customers can see what they are

afraid



tal, they are thoroughly to be relied on, and they do not want to be paid for their services, which is more by a great deal than can be said of the other nurses. Of course there are some onorable exceptions, but as a rule let them give me a wide bertl."

let them give me a wide berth." After this long speech the dooto emptied his glass and got up to go. But the Mayor leid his hand on his arm to detain him, saying: 'Now that you have delivered yourself of your favorite opinions, you must drink another glass to the success of the election. Then we must have a rubber of whist before we break up. Waiter, bring the card table and cords.'

Lasily lired?

Just remember that all your trength must come from your bood. Did you ever think of

Perhaps your muscles need

more strength, or your nerves; or perhaps your stomsch is weak and cannot digest what

you est. If you need more strength then take

SCOTT'S

EMULSION

of Cod-Liver Oil with Hypo-

ter The oil is the mo